









George Henry

A SHEAF OF POEMS

BY

GEORGE PERRY



G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

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THIS "SHEAF OF POEMS," THE AFTERMATH OF A LIFE
DEVOTED TO LARGE IDEALS, IS DEDICATED TO

MRS. BLOOMFIELD MOORE

IN GRATEFUL RECOGNITION OF HER APPRECIATION OF MY
LATE HUSBAND, AND IN MEMORY OF HIS ADMIRATION OF HER
PHILOSOPHIC BREADTH AND ELEVATION OF THOUGHT AND
HER SELF-CONSECRATION TO THE HIGHER INTERESTS OF
HUMANITY, BY

IONE HINTON PERRY

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INTRODUCTORY.

(*From the "Home Journal" of Wednesday,
November 21, 1888.*)

The *Home Journal* is confronted to-day with the sad duty of announcing to its readers the death of Mr. George Perry who, for many years, has presided over its literary departments. The effacement of his name from its familiar place under the title-heading of the *Journal* is a mournful necessity. And the pity of it is all the more because Mr. Perry seemed to be endowed with a bodily constitution that, though he had reached his sixty-first year, gave assurance of still a goodly number of years of effective work either as editor or in that scholarly retirement to which he looked forward.

The illness, ultimating in consumption, of which he died, was induced probably by exposure to the severe storm of last spring which he was obliged to

face for a long distance in regaining his home after an ineffectual effort to reach the *Home Journal* office. The first effect of this exposure was an apparent excitation of health and spirits. But a few weeks later a low feverish condition set in attended with a cough which, not being ascribed to any deep-seated disorder, was neglected. Mr. Perry, notwithstanding his gradually failing strength, and notwithstanding the solicitations of his friends and associates, persisted in his editorial work until, toward the end of June, he left, according to his custom, for a summer outing in the Berkshire Hills, expecting to renew there, as in former years, some measure of the vital energy expended in the work of the year. The sunlight and air and freedom of the Berkshires did not, however, have their usual effect upon him ; his strength steadily failed. Returning to the city a few weeks ago, he was making preparations to leave for a winter in the South, when death intervened. During this gradual decadence of his vital powers Mr. Perry always talked encouragingly, and in a quiet matter-of-fact way, of his recovery of health and vigor, as if apparently he felt it a duty to give

nature “the benefit of a doubt,” and not at least oppose her in any recuperative effort that she may have held in reserve. But it was evident that there was an undercurrent of feeling reflecting the shadow of approaching death, and that he did not turn away but was ready to accept this issue with philosophic calmness.

That in the quiet of Berkshire Hills such at times was the secret tenor of his thoughts is shown by the following poem which he had pencilled on a stray bit of paper, and which was found among the papers at his bedside :

SIVA, DESTROYER.

Whose voice shall say him nay ?
Whose arm shall bar his way ?
Lord of unbounded sway !—
Siva, Destroyer.

Proud kings, whose lightest breath
To men is life or death,
Heeds he your ruth or wrath ?—
Siva, Destroyer.

Mother with bleeding breast
Bowed o'er thy birdling's nest,
Shall thy last woe arrest
Siva, Destroyer ?

Maiden with eyes of love
Fixed on the heaven above,
Hast thou a prayer to move
Siva, Destroyer ?

Youth of the lion heart,
Brave for life's noblest art,
Shall fame's fair glory thwart
Siva, Destroyer ?

Earth in thy sweet array,
Bride of celestial day,
Hast thou one bloom to stay
Siva, Destroyer ?

Stars on the dome of night,
Climbing to your far height
Do ye escape his might ?—
Siva, Destroyer.

What voice shall say him nay,
What arm shall bar his way,
Lord of unbounded sway !—
Siva, Destroyer.

These are noble verses, tuned to a majestic cadence, borne along upon a deep groundswell of feeling, noble and strong in their terse simplicity. But it would be an error to infer from their subject and tenor that Mr. Perry lacked faith in that All-Life, in the light of which the shadows of destruction are ever absorbed and lost. Mr. Perry was a believer in the Over-Soul and in the persistence of life; for him death was not entitled to the name of a reality. And this his faith was not due to the force of early teaching, to derived associations of thought; it was not that faith which was worn as an external habit of mind; it was a part, and the most radical part, of his nature; it had more the character of an insight than a faith.

He was a man of the antique oriental type—to those who could understand and appreciate him a unique personality in this our latter-day world; to him the shows of the world, the procession of events, were but the filmy clouds on the surface of life, a magnificent phantasmagoria for the entertainment of the soul. But this underlying thought did not prevent him, especially after he had hardened

himself to the work of life, from taking a practical interest in the questions of the day so far as they affected the higher culture, nor from engrafting upon an instinctive conservatism the most progressive views, as the many articles from his pen during the twenty or more years of his editorship have borne testimony. And yet through all there ran the qualifying note of the orientalist—it is but a play in which I am taking part ; these shows and questionings are remote from the “me ” which is my real life—albeit I must do my work, and speak my piece as an actor in the scene, obedient to the call-bell of the stage manager Time.

Mr. Perry was born in Richmond, a township in western Berkshire, Mass., bordering on the New York State line. He came of an old New England stock which has given distinguished sons to the service of the republic. The family homestead in which he first saw the light was situated near the base of what is known as Perry’s Peak, from which one of the grandest views in the Berkshire Hills is seen. He who now writes this tribute to the memory of his friend recalls as one of his most cherished

remembrances a brief visit at his friend's home, when he was guided by him through winding ways to this mountain-top. It was at the period of early manhood, when life itself was an ascent to be climbed, and every upward step revealed an enlarged horizon and gave an intenser exhilaration. Surely no grander entertainment could a man offer his friend than this, and in such an ascent where could one find a more fit companion than him we mourn to-day? He was by nature native to the mountain tops, a soul that satisfied itself only with the largest compass of view, the completest sweep of sky, and the sun's fullest flood of light.

Mr. Perry was graduated at Williams College at a time when the wave of New England transcendentalism was still at its height. The Brook Farm venture had indeed collapsed, but youthful disciples of the new school still dreamed their dream of an ideal social life. Soon after his college days Mr. Perry joined the "North American Phalanx," a community established in Monmouth County, New Jersey, where it held a domain of some seven hundred acres; made up in part of representatives

of the idealism of Brook Farm, but in much greater part of practical-minded people, with a considerable infusion of that class which is neither idealistic nor practical, but has crochets and angles of belief and character which make it difficult for them to find a comfortable place for themselves in the world at large. The Phalanx for a few years grew in strength and flourished, but finally after a protracted struggle, long after the spirit that had inspired its formation had died out, went the way of all similar communities that are not held together by some religious bond, thereby giving testimony to the truth that society, whether on a small or a large scale, can only be sustained by some principle or faith higher than self-interest.

Amid this community in its earliest and best days Mr. Perry spent two or three years of his life, dividing his time between the labors of the farm or garden and the prosecution of his favorite studies, reading the poets and philosophers and dreaming out for himself some solution of the great world-problem. On leaving the Phalanx, after a few months spent at his Berkshire home, Mr. Perry

came to New York to try his fortunes in literature ; he came, as other young men have come before, with a manuscript roll of poems in his hand, seeking a publisher. He did not succeed in this, but gradually adapting himself to the kind of literary work in demand—though not without a strong effort of will and under the pressure of necessity, for his nature was inherently idealistic and his mind busied itself with themes remote from the common interest—he succeeded in pushing his way in the literary field. His essays were received with special favor by the late Mr. Willis, and gained for him the post of assistant editor of the *Home Journal*, and on the death of Mr. Willis he succeeded to the literary editorship of the paper and eventually acquired a part ownership in it. That is now some twenty odd years ago.

We have little left to say. The ability, force and elevation of his mind have made themselves felt in leading articles on literary and social topics and in various departments of criticism. Though well known in literary circles and highly esteemed, he lived a somewhat recluse life, the life of the scholar

and thinker. There is one group of literary people who will especially feel his loss, the later choir of poets. Of those who in recent years have acquired distinction in the poetical field not a few owe to Mr. Perry not only their introduction to the public but valuable critical help and counsel. Mr. Perry was himself a born poet of subtle and profound imagination, if not of varied range and versatile facility, and those who knew him best will always regret that the hard conditions of life did not leave him free scope for the exercise of his genius in the direction marked out by his nature.

Our friend and associate's death—so we call it in our human parlance—occurred on Thursday, November 15th. On the following Saturday the mortal form by which he was recognizable to our human sense was committed to earth in the burial ground of his fathers in Canaan Cemetery, N. Y., a few miles from the Berkshire home of his youth.

And so for him have passed the world and its shows.

H. H.

A SHEAF OF POEMS.

EUCLID, PROBLEM I.

Unto those who rightly seek
What the wise and subtle Greek
In his symbols has concealed,
Is the lore of gods revealed :

Centred on the line's extremes,
Twain embracing circles draw,
Unto which this line shall be,
Bond and limitary law.
From their hearts two rays unite,
Where the curves each other meet :
They are peers in birth and state,
They the perfect Trine complete.

Thus are we but empty lines,
Light nor beauty has our life—
Shallow, narrow, stretching on,
Long its futile toil and strife—

Till around our hearts are drawn
Circles of the love of man,
In whose arches we may find,
Life's true measurement and span ;

In whose arches we may see,
Beauteous forms that ever shine,
Forms that can from chaos lead
Up to symmetry divine ;

'Neath whose arches we may build
Our life's pathway straight and wide,
Whereon struggling man shall find
Heavenly furtherance and guide ;

By whose arches we may rear,
Thought and deed in noble trines,
Which forever shall endure,
Fortresses to man, and shrines.

Let the shining bands enlarge !
Ever widening, till we find,
In their clear, unselfish light,
Godlike worth in all mankind.

A VOICE.

Mortal ! heaven's towers
Frowning o'er thy pathway stand,—
Up the terror-guarded ramparts !
Like the dauntless Morn ascend !

Hear thy godlike spirit !
Raze the walls of blinding Awe !
Be thou all thy soul can image !
Pass the Ban, and Curse, and Thrall !

Tempt yon airy regions !
Yonder fathomless Profound
Will become to thee as steadfast
As this narrow sky-girt land.

No Abyss infernal
Can detain thy venturing feet,—
Ne'er to him that seeks the Truthful,
Shuts the unrelenting Gate.

Crags, nor gnawing Vultures,
Chains nor loneliness can cower,
If thy soul but see the glory
Of the realms it may rule o'er.

Guides, but never Masters,
Thee can bring to starry spheres—
Never crouching slaves can enter
Realms to which the Soul aspires.

In thy own free Spirit
Find thy holy, only rule !—
Earth and heavens are barred and bolted
To the soul that bows in thrall.

Unto lowest nature,
Thou art now a very god—
Past the highest thrones supernal,
Leads thy upward, endless road.

In those loftier heavens,
Thy poor Pride and Self-regard
Shall all die,—Love's voices only
In those harmonies are heard.

Up ! thy mortal brother
Bearing on thy dauntless heart,
Till his weak, unsteady footsteps
Touch the Eternal Fields of Light.

Down thy conquering pathway,
Through the razed and rifted walls,
Heaven's crystal floods outpouring
Shall redeem Earth's deepest hells.

Hear thy godlike Spirit !
Rise ! and know thy boundless might,
Up ! thou conqueror, creator !
Take thy rightful Throne and State !

IN THE CASTLE OF LUFTWICH.

Unbar the castle gate,
Let now the bugle sound,
A thousand swordsmen wait,
Their chargers spurn the ground.

The booming peals that roll
From yonder flashing plain
Awake the dreaming soul
To fullest life again.

The Soul has now its birth !
I feel its boundless might
Cope with the deep-set Earth,
And touch the spheres of light !

I scale the heights of life,
Beyond the clouds of fear !
I 'm freed in noble strife !—
Freedom is only here !

Long by the stream of thought
Vainly the Soul has stood—
Within its depths has sought
The Beautiful, the Good ;

Till the mock'd soul, with taunts,
Cursed heaven, in wrath and pain,
Sent with so godlike wants
Upon Earth's poor domain.

But heaven no more I wait,
Heaven's might is in my heart !
Of all-decreeing Fate,
I am myself a part !

And worlds I sought in vain,
Shall rise beneath my hand !
Deeds ! deeds ! Fate's iron reign
Bends at their stern command !

I hear, O man, thy march,
Struggling with countless foes,
Move up the shining arch,
With strong and earnest blows.

And heaven's gates shall fall
 Before thy storming hand,
And on its crystal wall
 Thy steadfast feet will stand.

ACROSS THE DESERT.

Long ago we started,
Pilgrims o'er the sand,
Dauntless, Titan-hearted,
To seek the Aidenn land.

Many days the marches
Sped like dreams away ;
'Neath the mirage arches
The desert blooming lay.

Ever when the sunbeams
Shot the fiercest down,
O'er the fiery sandbeams
The mirage brightest shone.

Countless were the treasures
Stored with tireless hand,
Stored for glories, pleasures,
To grace the Aidenn land.

Many days the marches
Sped like dreams away ;
'Neath the mirage arches
The desert blooming lay.

Years—but still no Aidenn
O'er the horizon rose ;
Pilgrims, sorrow-laden,
Lay down in death's repose.

Marches ceased. The vision
Like the day-star fell ;
Naught that land Elysian,
But Hope's illuding spell.

On our sad breasts sinking
Bowed our heads in shame,
Of that glory thinking,
That baseless towering dream.

And we stood—all laden
With life's noble spoil—
Cheer for that high Aidenn,
But not for desert toil.

Mute and sternly beating,
 Mused our hearts beside
Rivers deep and fleeting,
 That sought the ocean tide ;

Gentle blossoms pressing
 Summer's fiery path
Onward to the blessing
 That waiting Autumn hath ;

Winds, with rapid pinions,
 Ever sweeping on
Toward the bright dominions
 Where reigns the golden sun ;

Saw the blessed of nature
 Robed in beauty shine ;—
Germes of stunted stature
 In deserts strive and pine.

Long the fallen arches
 Of that Titan dream
Threw, o'er hurrying marches,
 Their bright, bewildering gleam.

But no more the marches
 Sped like dreams away,
And the mirage arches
 Made not the desert gay.

Now a larger heaven
 Bends above us here,
From our eyes are driven
 The mists of faith and fear.

See we all things clearly,
 Hoping, fearing none,
Living, acting, cheerly,
 As lives the mighty Sun.

Here is youth eternal,
 Time and self are naught,
Life for ever vernal
 In the great world-plan wrought.

Night and twilight hoary
 Faith and Hope may cheer,
Till they die the glory
 Of Noon shall not appear.

EXULTEMUS.

Bacchus, hail ! we drink to thee,
Jocund god of generous pleasure !
Earth forget and heaven see,
Drinking from thy purple treasure.
By the midnight torches' glare,
Over mountains steep and hoar,
O'er the leafy, sounding shore,
Crowned with ivy, thee we bear.

Bacchus, hail ! we drink to thee !
Wreath the goblet's flashing brim,
Mirth with myrtle crowned and Glee !
Wildly chant the midnight hymn !
By the midnight torches' glare,
Over mountains steep and hoar,
O'er the leafy, sounding shore,
Crowned with ivy, thee we bear.

Bacchus, hail ! we drink to thee !
Shouting till the hills about,
Hills and heavens return the shout,
Evoe, Bacche, triumphe !



HASTE, O ANGEL.

What dark demon hast thou cherished,
O sad Soul, in thy endeavor
To transcend the deeps that sever
Angels from the lost and perished ?
What dark spirit of the night
Like a vulture tracks thy flight ;
Thou by youthful visions bidden
To explore the darksome way,
Over seas in shadows hidden,
Over continents forbidden,
To the bounds of Endless Day ?
Back, thou fiend, to endless night !
Haste, O Angel, haste your flight !
Fold your perfume-laden pinions
O'er my weary, aching sight !
Guide my steps from out this night,
Set me with the humblest minions
In your holy pure dominions.
Guide me ! only thus can mortals,
Sore beset and sorrow-laden,
Ever pass the blessed portals,
Ever taste the bliss of Aidenn.

STAY IN THE ROSY SKIES.

Stay in the rosy skies,
Storm-troubled clouds !
Your pitchy folds are shrouds,
And wrap the sweet and closèd eyes.

O winds of parted Springs,
Your desolate wings
Flap through the hollow night
And bear life's slain delight.

Sweep o'er the sunny vale,
Mad surging flood,
Below your war and wail
Lie slain the beautiful and good.

THE SEA'S PRAYER.

O boundless, star-eyed Peace !
Fulfil my wild desire,
And bid my spirit cease
To struggle and aspire !

Yearning I stretch my hands,
They clasp but lifeless sands ;
Starward my steps I bear,
They tread but empty air.

Ever the lifeless sands,
Ever the empty air,
Ever the yearning hands,
The struggle and despair.

A PROMENADE..

In midwinter I was stalking
Down a proud and regal street,
Where palatial grandeur only,
Caught the echoes of my feet.

O'er me came the scene's enchantment—
Winter's frost I felt no more ;
Crimson day from silken curtains
Bathed the velvet-tufted floor.

In the soft, luxurious shimmer
Languished rare exotic blooms,
And the streams of tropic carols
Rippled through the thick perfumes.

Precious ore, and stone, and crystal,
Wool and silk of richest dyes,
Burned along the walls of marble,
Proudly towering in the skies.

Art's divine prophetic pencil
There surpassed the primal birth,
Wrought the grand Promethean visions
That shall clothe the future earth.

.

What this wretched throng that passes !
Man in ruins can it be ?
God in Heaven ! what impious mortals
Here have outraged Man and Thee !

O ye children of the Father !
Whence have come your wreck and spoil ?
Plundered, famished, blinded, buried
In the sepulchre of toil !

O down-trodden, chilled, embruted !
Where is youth's auroral flight ?
Where affection's dewy fragrance ?
Where the grace of manhood's might ?

Where, poor wretches, is the fruitage
That from earth your toil has won ?
Marble homes your toil has builded—
Lustrous robes your toil has spun !

Fires of Heaven ! can naught more gentle
Than your burning, blasting tide,
Sweep from earth this mad oppression—
Crush this damning fratricide !

No ; O Mercy, thou—thou only,
From thy high celestial home—
Thou alone wilt bid these fallen
Unto life's rich banquet come.

JUDGMENT HYMN.

Day of Love ! that day of glory
Shall redeem this chaos hoary ;
Age to age repeats the story.

Oh, what joy and exultation
When Love brings the full creation
To its high adjudication !

Night shall flee, and fear infernal ;
Earth before its Judge eternal
Shall arise in light supernal—

Love, the scroll of life unsealing—
All divining, all revealing,
Night and Hell no more concealing.

Spheres with joy will thrill and tremble,
All the tribes of men assemble
In the world-embracing temple—

Pæans through the arches ringing—
Suns like burning censers swinging,
Holy airs and odors flinging—

And like sounds of seas fraternal,
Blent and borne by breezes vernal,
Shall go up the chant eternal.

When that day shall come in splendor,
What can lips of mortal render
Of the joy it shall engender ?

'Thou with cloudless splendor burning !
Unto Thee all life returning
Yearns with deep and deeper yearning.

'Thou to chaos hast descended—
Suffered—conquered—and ascended
With relumined worlds attended.

Thou hast judged without remission :
Sin inherited perdition :
Wisdom followed with contrition.

All have shared the high salvation—
And as one the vast creation
Chants in choral exultation.

THE PHALANSTERY.

I see before me now that stately mansion

In the bright air, above the woods uprise,
And there below that quiet lake's expansion
Mirrors the shore and trees and azure skies.

Far in the east the glowing groves of peaches
Wave in the splendor of the pulsing air ;
The Brisbane hill, the long and level reaches,
The Highland peaks and dim blue sea are there.

Westward I see the wheat and crimson clover,
Zoning the okro blooms and gleaming maize,
The Height of Ivenvor, and boundless over
Pours the imperial sun's resplendent blaze.

Up from the glow of countless sunny acres,
Out from seristery and court and hall,
I hear the songs of cheerful-hearted workers
With the inconstant breezes swell and fall.

There in the silvery forest's broken vistas,
 'Mid the broad garden's leafy blooming lines,
I see my brothers and my peerless sisters :
 Their starlike glory o'er the landscape shines.

Sweet Inez ! oh, those tender, artless graces
 Wake my hushed heart to strange forgotten pain ;
Time only veils but nevermore effaces,—
 The dear, fair dream forever must remain.

Nor ruthless Fate's unchanging, stern decision,
 Nor the proud glory that I seek and win,
Shrives my lorn heart of that regretful vision
 Of that celestial life that might have been.

O noble Junia, has the noon's full splendor
 Brought the fair promise of thy rosy morn ?
Has thy great soul one tribute yet to render
 To that poor fate whereunto thou art born ?

I know by that sweet voice and beauteous bearing,
 By the calm greatness of thy deep blue eyes,
Still in its low estate thy soul is wearing
 The undimmed birthright of thy native skies.

I half forget the years and their wise sadness,
Hearing the chimes of romping Ida's voice ;
Sure, Heaven comes down to such immortal glad-
ness

And angels with sweet envyings rejoice.

How like a vision's gorgeous shadowy coming
The white-browed Otta rises on my sight ;
How darkly, brightly, those great orbs are roam-
ing !

Oh that those eyes were boundless as the night !

How fair upon her forehead's pearly whiteness
Winds the dim shadow of her dusky hair !
It darkens not her cheek's translucent brightness,
The crimson waves of life are flashing there.

And one has gone. The blue-eyed grasses cover
Her sweet, green pillow in the oaken glade.
The deep still summer-glow around and over
Shines like the azure gaze of Elferaide.

How eager in the lists of young ambition
Haroder strives there by Ottilia's side !

She has fulfilled the vestal's saintly mission
And wears the star and crescent of a bride.

These are my brothers. I have found that union
Only with them, where soul may talk with soul :
A segment only of its full communion,
Where shall the longing spirit seek the whole ?

The sun from out the cloudless heights of azure
Low in the heaven holds his conquering way,
O'er the broad West outrolls the vast emblazure—
The earth is purpled 'neath the flaming day.

There joyous crews upon the lake are rowing,
And many a group along its margin strolls,
The lonely cornet down the vale is blowing,
The vying athletes hurl their ponderous bowls.

Along the lawn, among the locust blossoms,
Gay laughing childhood sports and cheerful
age ;
The childly games yet warm the aged bosoms ;
Their hearts are younger as their souls are sage.

The night has come. The lighted lamps are gloat-
ing

O'er the soft splendor of those lofty halls ;
The bugle's swell upon the nightwind floating
The joyous household to the dance recalls.

The countless train comes thro' the columned
portals,

Bright as the radiant hosts that throng the
skies ;

In snowy light move by the young immortals,
The mists of sorrow dim my raptured eyes.

There 'neath the vasty dome's refulgent ceiling
Stands like a sea of light the countless tide ;
It sways beneath the music's lofty pealing ;
The airy undulations surge and glide.

How noble is this brotherhood, how glorious !
Worthy yon starry heavens that o'er it shine,
Like ye, O sweet eternal stars, harmonious ;
Ordered like ye in symmetry divine !



How thro' the long and weary night of ages
Has earth-born, erring, heaven-aspiring man
Lifted his darkened eyes to those bright pages,
Vainly their golden mysteries to scan.

The bells begin their chimes. The Pleiad sisters
Have sunk beyond the mountain's western
height ;
The winds sigh in the forest's darkened vistas ;
The sea's low moan uprolls upon the night.

A SUMMER DREAM.

When the blazing sun of August
Smote the mountain and the plain,
Smote them till each living creature
Writhed and sunk in fiery pain,
I betook me to my castle
In the purple hills of Spain.
There, in restful, dreamy shadows,
By the fountains' murmurous play,
Sought I refuge from the burning
Vengeance of the god of day.
And with gentle necromancies,
With a subtler, purer fire,
Strove I to dispel the poison
Of this withering, wasting ire,—
Strove to quell the haunting phantoms
That disturb the life divine.

“Bring,” I cried, “the mystic flower,
Nature's secret sign and power.”

And they brought me dreamy pansies
Drenched in dew of amber wine ;
Blue-leaved asters from the mountains,
Flecked with shining stars of gold ;
Snow-bells from the sunless wold ;
Red-lipped memories reared and tended
In still lanes by sun and stars ;
Dark auroras, dreamy, splendid,
Thrid with fiery trails and bars—
These and more, till all the room
Glowed with rarest bud and bloom.

Up from stately silver vases
Pearl-white lilies lofty rose,
And the amaranth's rich graces
Touched and lit their proud repose,
While with airy curl and hurtle
Down the sculptured silver bases,
Fell and swung the dusky myrtle,
Through which peered the fairy faces
Of the ruby mignon rose.

O'er the glowing, quaint mosaic
Of the quaintly pictured floor,

Writ with symbols algebraic,
 Starry signs of mystic lore,
Lay in heaps the lucent laurel,
 Ivy, palm and dismal yew,
 Fragrant balm and thyme and rue,
True love, fickle roving lorel,
Lime and humble luckless sorrel
 Tearful with the night-born dew ;
Lote and hallowed passiflora,
 Circe, fern, and asphodel,
Regal crocus and zenora,
Sweet madonna and rhodora,
Almond, musk and moschatel—
Myriads I could number well,
Myriads that I could not tell.

And their radiant, pure emblazure
Of each hue from red to azure,
With the rich and rare perfume,
Rose upon the crystal air,
Rose and floated till the room,
Filled with this aromal mist,
With this fine ethereal fire

Born of water, wine and bloom,
Pulsed and burned like amethyst.

Through these glowing, purple seas,
Sailed resplendent scarabees ;
From their glimmering rapid wings
Rolled the air in flaming rings ;
 And a carol quick and clear,
Rising from the fiery springs
 Of the kindling atmosphere,
Flowed with circling, certain motion,
 Throwing wide the trancing rings
 Through the tremulous swaying room,
Till the throbbing, charmed ocean
 Waved and shook, and every bloom
Breathed and quivered with emotion.

Then within the gorgeous splendor,
 As in sunset skies remote,
Rose a light, mysterious, tender,
 Like the dreamy beaming lote.
Near it glowed, more near and certain,
 Fainter fell each rippling note ;

Fainter, dimmer seemed the curtain
Of the misty fire to float.

Touched by the quick lightning's finger
Suddenly it flashed and fell.

Dim-seen forms I scarce could tell,
With the song's low close and swell,
Seemed to sway and glide and linger,
Seemed to float and soar and sail—
Dim and distant recognitions
Of celestial apparitions
Shining through the air's blue veil.

Ah, that I could once regain
Something of that vanished strain—
That weird soul-song and refrain ;
Those high thoughts and inspirations ;
Those transcendent revelations !—
Only echoes now remain !

“ In the many is but one :
One is all, all is one :

Soul and life, stone and star,
High and low, near and far :

One, the seer, seen, unseen,
One what will be, is, hath been.

Knowing this we are freed
From the thrall of thought and deed ;

In this wisdom rise above
Pleasure, pain, hate and love,

Hope and fear, virtue, crime,
Life and death, self and time ;

Through the zone of stars we range,
Through the shadowy realms of change,

Past the bounds of name and dream
Into one, the All-Supreme."

Then the tender, roseate shimmer
Paled with tremulous glow and glimmer,
And the air grew heavier, dimmer,



Like a palid, wan eclipse,
Like the wane of dying lips.

Clouds arose and hovered, wandered,
Swelled and lowered, flashed and sundered.

Lo ! the muffled æther thundered,
And there came a voice from far
Like the war-shout and evangel
Of some proud Promethean angel
Urging on the faltering war.

And again the course of day
Held its hot and dusty way.



THE SHOON.

Last midnight in the darkness
I woke from visions sweet,
And heard upon my threshold
The tramp of thronging feet.

There came in long procession
All shoon I ever wore—
The stalwart boot of manhood
The tiny shoe of yore.

Downtrodden, torn, neglected,
Laden with dust and grime,
Each bore, spite age and wrinkle,
The spirit of its prime.

I could not smile to see them,
All stiff and gaunt and hoar,
In pantomime enacting
The days that are no more.

Some on the floor went softly
 With timid steps and small,
Some with an antic canter
 That shook the steadfast wall.

And some with restless longing
 Turned to the stars above,
And some were still pursuing
 The hopes, the dreams of love.

And near them, gayly falling,
 Like airy flakes of snow,
Were silken shoon,—to hear them
 Was rapture long ago.

And some—ah ! there were many—
 Went pacing to and fro ;—
Their lonely shadows darkened
 O'er years of doubt and woe.

A few—I scarcely knew them
 They were not shoon of yore—
With footsteps small and timid
 They tottered o'er the floor.

All stopped where hung my bootjack
And parleyed low and long,
The ancient jack descended
And mingled 'mong the throng.

Then went in long procession
All shoon I ever wore
Leading the ancient bootjack
From out the lonely door.

And shadows dark and silent
Are closing o'er the light
That lingers round their pathway
Far in the depths of night.

SHADOWS OF ROMANCE.

When the sweet air of youth
Is beautiful with stars,
And the blue dome is bright
With the moon's golden bars ;

And earth gleams fair and strange
'Neath the celestial fire,
And wondrous murmurs float
Down from the heavenly lyre ;

And o'er the joyous earth
Visions of beauty dance,
Through endless vistas chase
The shadows of romance—

Oh let the lover sun
Awhile his coming stay,
To kiss with glowing lips
This glorious dream away !

For though his kiss shall bring
 Glory and strength and light,
Oh let him leave awhile
 This beautiful delight !

UNCREATED LIGHT.

All the holiest light
Of the seraph eyes of night,
All imperial splendors of the sun,
Of the eve and morn,
Leave my spirit lorn :
All the thoughts that lie
In the awful sky
Leave me in unrest,
Leave me all unblest.
With all earth and heaven's wealth I am undone
If I lose thy blessing eyes
In whose cloudless skies,
Pure the snowy fountains rise
Of th' eternal, uncreated light.
Bid me to their light !
For all else is night.

ALONE.

A glory leaves the sun ;
A grace has left the day ;
The stars return, but not the light
That flushed their azure way.

For my heart's queen has passed
Into the deepening west ;
My heart is wild with doubt, and naught
Answers its lonely quest.

The soaring eagles come
Out from the glowing sky ;
Their all beholding voyage gives
No tidings nor reply.

The fleet winds kiss her lips
And fly from out the west ;
She breathes on them, but they no sign
Yield to my soul's unrest.

On yonder golden stars
Her royal eyes now turn ;
They gaze deep in her soul—how mute,
And cold, and calm they burn !

O Seraphim that bend
Your flight from thrones above,
Humbly on mortal thoughts to tend
With ministries of love,

Bear to my soul's pure shrine,
Under the western star,
The worship of my soul, the vows
I breathe, alone, afar.

Bear to its only home
This heart that sinks in pain !
Oh bring me thence one thought, one breath,
To bid me live again.

Vain veil of air ! My eyes
Can almost pierce the screen—
How near my soul can come—alas !
Still rolls the night between.

ÆNONE.

Like a grand Asian queen upon her throne,
All glorious and opulent and bright,
I saw the goddess-bosomed queen Ænone
Pavilioned in the shadowy tent of night.
I saw the black deep torrents of her hair
Sweep like a flood adown her pearly zone ;
Her snow-white bust that rose all wondrous fair,
A heavenly temple reared to holiest prayer,
Fairer than all that mortals ere have known :
Her cheeks that beautiful as Hesper shone ;
Lips like the lucent bows in summer skies,
As precious as the gates of Paradise :
And her fair brow that beamed upon my sight
Like the horizon, glorious, grave, divine,
A royal palace nobly planned and wrought
For the high pleasure of Imperial Thought.
I looked within the mist-like lids of light,
And lashes that like clustered stars did shine,

I saw the heavenly grandeur of her eyes—
And all as one my soul's glad hosts did rise,
Hasting their long-sought, heaven-crowned queen
 to greet,
Laying their eternal homage at her feet.

THE SACRAMENT OF LOVE.

Why all this vast array,
 So beautiful and bright ;
The gorgeous teeming day,
 The solemn domèd night !
Why doth fair Nature come
 With all her countless throng,
'Neath heaven's temple dome,
 Chanting her wond'rous song ?

The glorious sun,
 And all the shining zone
That overspans night's firmament,
 Are lit for this intent,
And this alone :
 Are all for Love's high sacrament.

From sun and starry urn
That like firm censers burn,

The incense clouds that pour,
Rainbow laden,
Breathing Aidenn,
Down to earth's floor,—
All come for this intent,
To grace Love's sacrament.

All Nature's voices—every tone—
Hymn this, and this alone !
All chorals of the land,
The fountains, streams, the sea,
The shells upon the strand,
In this one song agree ;
For this the eves and morns,
In glory come and go,
And ever their wild horns
The air's gay heralds blow ;
Clouds on their errands flee
With pitying shade and showers ;
And plant and soaring tree
Wave to the cheering skies
Their rapturous replies ;
And all the hosts of flowers,

Blessing with holy eyes
The happy nuptial hours,
Answer to the stars above
With benisons of love ;
All for this high intent—
To celebrate Love's Sacrament.

SONG OF KILCARE COTTAGE.

'T is a lodge in the mountains of Warwick,
And like hermits of eld we live there ;
The world rushes by
But we heed not its cry,
At our lodge on the hills of Kilcare.

By the tent of the green, oaken woodlands,
The dream of the days glideth fair ;
Sailing clouds are our books,
And our music the brooks
That leap down the rocks of Kilcare.

Sweet scenes ! What Delectable Mountains
With these heights and these lakes can compare ?
How the echoes out-ring
Every *viva* we sing
To the beautiful hills of Kilcare !

The stars, how they climb to our eyrie !
Like pilgrims they come, gay and fair,
And they fill all the nights
With their lofty delights,
On the beautiful hills of Kilcare.

They pass, and go down in the valley—
We stay not their steps with our prayer,
For they carry dull woe
To the shadows below,
From the beautiful hills of Kilcare.

The winds rustle over the woodlands,
Like coursers their feet beat the air,
Their breath, filled with balms,
Dispels the dull calms
From the beautiful hills of Kilcare.

They pass, like life's visions—nor seek we
The charm once dissolved to repair,
But we trill a gay rhyme
For the odors of thyme
They leave on the hills of Kilcare.

The sun, at the earliest dawning,
Comes forth from his palace of air,
And throws his first kiss
To the beauty and bliss
He finds on the hills of Kilcare.

All day, at the door of his palace,
He stands, gazing down to his fair ;
His loving looks say :
Oh forever to stay
On the beautiful hills of Kilcare !

At evening, in gold and in purple,
He goes—and we ask him not where,
For true love may part,
And still glow in the heart,
On the beautiful hills of Kilcare.

'T is a lodge by the woodlands of Warwick,
And like hermits of eld we live there ;
The world rushes by
But we heed not its cry,
At our lodge on the hills of Kilcare.

SUNBEAM AND ROSE.

A sunbeam, flying from the eve,
 Paused by a rose, its beauty seeing,
And sighed : How sweet therein to live,
 Did other beams not fill its being !

In grief he spread his wings of light
 And onward passed, to wander ever ;
But sweet throughout his endless flight
 The rose's fragrance breathes for ever.

WHEN DO THE FLOWERS DIE ?

When do the flowers die ?
Not when the diadems
Crowning the tender stems
Grow sere and dry ;
Not when the ripened reeds
Fall with the golden seeds,
And mouldering lie.

When do the flowers die ?
Not when the waking germs
Fall to the demon worms ;
Nor when the eyes
That the sweet buds enfold
Drop in the darksome mould,
No more to rise.

But the bright flowers expire,
When from their gentle souls
Love's fragrant breath outrolls
Like balmy fire ;
When their pure passionate sighs
In clouds of incense rise
Blessing all earth and skies,
Then they expire.

FIRST OF THE YELLOW LEAVES.

Ere frosts and storms have come,
The warm South wind that breathed upon thy
 birth,
First of the yellow leaves ! hath borne thee home
 Upon the quickening earth.

While yet the skies are warm,
And warm and bright the clouds in summer's sky,
Ere thy green resting-place hath lost a charm,
 Thou goest mid flowers to lie.

So they who ere life's sky
With coming woes and cares is overcast
Drop gently from the ranks which bye-and-bye
 Shall fall with many a blast.

THE BRAVE OLD BANNER.

Huzza ! the brave old Banner
 Moves on its conquering way !
Its foes go down like shadows
 Before the blaze of day !

Oh mark its glorious coming
 Above the stormy fight !
The Bow of Heaven's Blessing :
 The stars of Truth and Right !

What shouts and tears of gladness,
 When the blest vision comes !
How thrill the brave to see it
 Unfurl above their homes !

Sun of all joy to freemen !
 Bright glory of the sky !
Pledge to the slave and exile,
 Of hopes that shall not die !

Speed on thy course triumphant !

 The thrones of despots fall,
Thy lightnings rive the shackles,
 And men are brothers all.

Wave in thy glorious splendor !

 O'er earth thou e'er shalt roll,
While a star illumines the heavens,
 And a noble hope the soul !

“LIBERTY ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD.”

(THE BARTHOLDI STATUE.)

When darkness girds the land
And grasps the sea,
I lift my iron hand
To set them free.

I smite the front of Night,
Demon of Death,
I lift the living light
To show the Path.

O blinded men, behold
The guiding ray !
See and be ever bold !
Give reason sway !

Cast off the slavish chain
From hand and thought,
Be lords of your domain,
Unbound, unbought.

Heed not the curse or ban,
Doubt not, but know
That Heaven's utmost span
And earth below

Were based and built in Light
And Liberty,
And ever Light makes Right
And Right makes Free.

IN THE VALLEY OF SHADOWS.

Has the eternal sorrow come at last ?

Has the long twilight deepened into night ?

Is the sweet joy of day forever past ?

Has the great sun forever quenched his light ?

Where is the faithful waker of the day ?

Is his voice sealed in an eternal sleep ?

Where does the herald star of morn delay ?

Quenched are his beams forever in the deep ?

Can the great sun of hope no more appear ?

Is there no star to light these rayless hours ?

Is there no spring in the eternal year,

To lull the sad heart's pain with wind and flowers ?

O ruthless fate ! to mine the answering eyes,

The light of life's high noon, have never shone,

Nor love's sweet breath has lapped in paradise

This weary heart, here exiled and alone.

Shall it be never mine to wear the crown,
To taste the godlike joy of victories won?
But to the caverns of the dead go down
While the proud venture is but just begun :

Like ye, fond flowers, that in your sunny path
Fall ere ye reach the autumn's golden prize ;
Like ye, O gems, that in the gloom of death,
Waste ere ye once have seen the glorious skies ;

Like ye, O winds and clouds, that blow
To far-off lighter regions of the day ;
Like ye, glad waves, that to the ocean flow
And ever waste and perish by the way ?

For her vast harvest lavish nature sows
Alike all regions of her wide domain ;
Some in the meadow fair and lordly grow
Some in the desert strive and pine in vain.

The golden issue of her mighty plan
No niggard thrifts imperil or impair ;
Lavish with world and plant and beast and man,
Her boundless victories her only care.

Down the still lapses of this restful gloom
Lit by your closing eyes, O hapless flowers !
'Mid idle airs yet warm with your perfume,
Calmly I near death's shadowy silent bowers.

SIVA, DESTROYER.

Whose voice shall say him nay ?
Whose arm shall bar his way ?
Lord of unbounded sway !—

Siva, Destroyer.

Proud kings, whose lightest breath
To men is life or death,
Heeds he your ruth or wrath ?—

Siva, Destroyer.

Mother with bleeding breast
Bowed o'er thy birdling's nest,
Shall thy last woe arrest

Siva, Destroyer ?

Maiden with eyes of love
Fixed on the heaven above,
Hast thou a prayer to move

Siva, Destroyer ?

Youth of the lion heart,
Brave for life's noblest art,
Shall fame's fair glory thwart
Siva, Destroyer ?

Earth in thy sweet array,
Bride of celestial day,
Hast thou one bloom to stay
Siva, Destroyer ?

Stars on the dome of night,
Climbing to your far height
Do ye escape his might ?—
Siva, Destroyer.

What voice shall say him nay,
What arm shall bar his way,
Lord of unbounded sway !—
Siva, Destroyer.

TRIBUTES.

Tributes to the Memory of George Perry.

His summons came when in his passing prime
He turned his face to view the setting sun,
The garnering of his harvest scarce begun
While yet far heard the reapers' echoing chime ;
But still with manly step he mated Time,
Sought for the good the hurrying moments spun,
Scattered abroad again the treasures won,
And rounded life to large eternal rhyme.

Ah ! we whose hearts rebuke the empty place,
Who felt his worth, and more, who loved him so—
We yet must speed his flight at morning call :
For mighty souls who throng unbounded space
And whisper mighty thoughts to us below,
Do cry him Welcome : he was kin to all.

Kate Elizabeth Clark.

Siva, Destroyer ! Thus he wrote
Addressing Death, in Death's embrace,—
The while not one complaining note
Made discord in his life of grace :
A life so lifted, so ideal,
It raised and glorified the real.

His spirit's wing now drops the stress
Of knightly warfare, waged anew
With each day's birth, 'gainst fruitlessness
Of art-work to its art untrue :
We singers singing at the gate,
Shall long such warrior-friend await.

Nor we alone are losers ; they
Who profited unconsciously
By virtue of his standard's sway
In social ethics, these shall be

Made mourners too, for one to fill
His place of power with equal will.

Whoso but knew him slightly, knew
But little of his charm unique ;
His playful irony, his true

And gentle manhood ; some high peak
Snow-mantled, radiant to the rim
With rosy light, might figure him.

Yet mountain, pine, or anything
Less sentient than the human soul
In its divineness fails to bring

This man before us. . . . Only dole
With us remains. Siva, with thee
He dies to bloom eternally !

Mary Barker Dodge.

A seal upon a heart was set
Of ample purity and truth ;
Its break had made the world forget
That aught on earth remained of ruth.

A kindlier heart than that, O Friend,
Ne'er burned within a poet's breast.
Though now that heart is stilled in rest,
'T is not the end, 't is not the end !

To many free to wander far,
His generous lamp had lent its ray,
To be to happier paths a star ;
But his the sterner, darker way.

The ore his labor delved from earth
He gave to others far from care,
To wear as jewels in their hair ;
He walked aside in unknown worth.

His daily task a spirit bound

That would have spread its glorious wing
And soared in flights from common ground
To sing in realms where poets sing.

But daily to dull labor bent

He gave his life. Then passed to where
A spirit, proud to be content,
May wear the crown that angels wear.

Louise Morgan Sill.

Ye winter winds, that sigh and moan
O'er desecrated forest aisles !
O wild lamenters of the smiles
That for too brief a season shone !

Ye rude, harsh-throated chanters ! share
With us the burden of a grief
That in your terror seeks relief—
On your grim wings our sorrow bear !

Yea, 'midst your clarion-blatant wails,
Echoes of frigid Arctic shrieks,
Lifted where the aurora wreaks
Its ghostly gleams on frozen sails !

Yea, 'midst the cruel tones of woe,
Which surge across your harps' loud strings,
Your harps, whereto the salt rime clings
Dashed o'er them from some wave-tossed floe !

Yea, 'midst the fury of a flight
 That desolates, at one sharp sweep,
 The lingering lovely hues asleep
 On clouds about the gate of night !

Yea, carry with you from our hearts
 A pittance of their anguished pain !
 A whisper through the skyey main,
 Where the electric glory darts !

Ah, let us in your tumult find
 A note of solace, which shall swell
 Triumphant o'er the muffled knell
 Whose snare about our souls is twined !

Yea, of your very rage we ask
 Strength to outbreast the bitter wave :
 Death to this Spirit new Life gave ;
 And Darkness is but Morning's mask !

William Struthers.

SANTA CRUZ, CAL., FEB. 16, '89.

Ever Dear Home Journal.—At the time that I saw the news of Mr. Perry's death in your columns I was unable to tell you of my sorrow, as I was then temporarily crippled in my right hand.

Even at this later date, the feeling of painful shock with which I saw those ominous black lines darkening your pages and read the sad short story of his sudden going out for ever from the familiar place that had so long known him, is still fresh with me. The fact that I am so far away does n't matter in this respect ; for to think of No. 3 Park Place, and that familiar nook inside of it, sacred to you, is impossible without at once thinking too of George Perry, and remembering that I can never again mount the well-known stairs and make my way to a certain corner and find, as I have always found before, seated at his desk, your good genius, of the

calm and benignant presence, ever ready to take into the shelter of his generous wing the shamefaced and diffident author new to the ways of editors ; and to give abundant encouragement if there should be the least spark of poetic promise to be blown into a flame—it might be but a very little flame perhaps, but he never failed to lend it his fostering breath. How many have reason to bless his good offices in this respect, we shall never know ; nor shall we ever know how many there are who sorely miss them and will always carry the memory of his thoughtful kindness and polished graciousness in their hearts.

But of them all, was there ever one, here and there, who even partially understood how delicate and rare was the spirit that bent itself to the daily bondage of office work ? His physical stature and presence well betokened the superiority of the inner man.

This I sit here and ponder over, as I read the selections from his poems, which you have fitly given the most prominent place in your columns of February the sixth. Every one of the many who

knew and loved George Perry will be glad that you have done this, and I must be of the foremost among those who thank you for this last sad pleasure in connection with our memories of him ; for the relationship between us of editor and contributor, though infrequent and irregular—ripening slowly into an unbroken friendship—began about the time that N. P. Willis left that vacant chair in the *Home Journal* office ; some of my very first bread-and-butter-y efforts having been submitted to Mr. Perry. What a revelation those poems will be to many who thought they knew him ! now that he, to use his own words, is

“ freed

From thrall of thought and deed ; ”

and has gone

“ Past the bounds of name and dream

Into one, the All-Supreme ! ”

“ *Howard Glyndon.* ”

(*Mrs. Laura R. Searing.*)

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